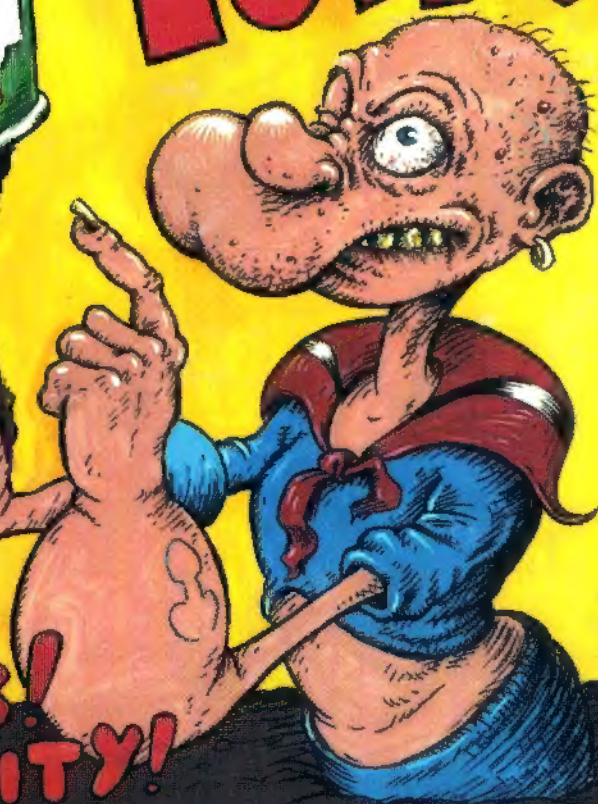


SICK PUPPY

12

ADULTS
ONLY



COMIX!
DEPRAVITY!
CELEBRITY BEAUTY SECRETS!



SICK PUPPY COMIX #12

po box 93 paddington nsw 2021 australia www.sickpuppycomix.com ssstratu@mailcity.com

"But it is when He deals with a sinner that Christ is most romantic, in the sense of the most real. The world had always loved the saint as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of God. Christ, through some divine instinct in Him, seems to have always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man. His primary desire was not to relieve suffering. To turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not His aim. He would have thought little of the Prisoner's Aid Society and other modern movements of the kind. The conversion of a publican into a Pharisee would not have seemed to Him a great achievement. But in a manner not yet understood of the world he regarded sin and suffering as being in themselves beautiful holy things and modes of perfection."

from 'De Profundis, The Ballad of Reading Gaol & Other Writings' by Oscar Wilde (1905)



'POPEYE' SIDE

--- cover by Bruno Nadalin ---

2 - inside front cover by Steve Carter

3 - here

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'SMACK PUPPY' SIDE

cover by Glenn Smith

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7 - SICK PUPPY by Marcel Herms

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20-23 - XEROX JOCKEY: comix and zine reviews by Stratu

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Special thanks to Brother Mikel for invaluable help with our cover.



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LIFE'S A SHITHOLE



"AIR FUCK"



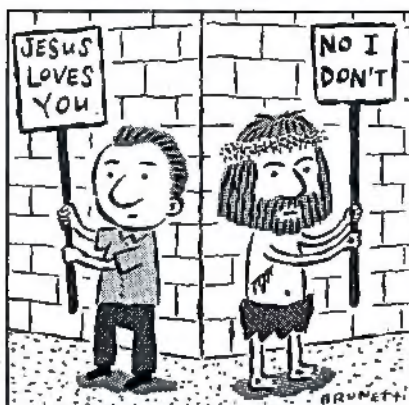
"HA HA HA HAI"

BABY BITCH-BOY



"Hello? NAMBLA? Is that 'fuck-toy' position still open?"

GOD SUCKS COCK



LAFF IT UP, YOU CUNTS



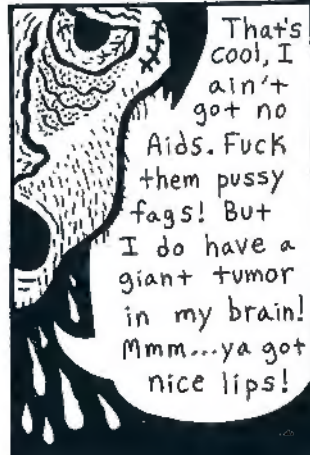
"Whoah! Sorry... I thought you were someone else."

MOMMY IS A FUCK-PIG



"I ran out of maxi-pads, so I'm gonna have to use your fuckin' face..."

I AM IN PEACE!







MIKE DIANA '94

PROBLEMS

D.RAT © 2000

EXPERTS FOUND THE TEEN'S CRIMINAL BEHAVIOUR STEMMED FROM HIS POOR UPBRINGING, INADEQUATE SCHOOLING, AND FAMILY PROBLEMS..

PAH!

FUCKING AMATUER PSYCHIATRISTS..

WHAT A BUNCH OF SHIT..

'PROBLEMS'?!...WHAT FUCKING PROBLEMS DO THESE WEAK LITTLE SHITS HAVE..

THESE KIDS TODAY HAVE GOT IT TOO BLOODY EASY..

WHAT THAT LITTLE CUNT NEEDS IS A GOOD KICK UP THE ARSE..

SHIT..WHEN I WAS GOING TO SCHOOL,IF IT WASN'T THE OTHER KIDS BEATING UP ON YOU..

PUNK FAGGOT!

YA' FUCKING WEIRDO!

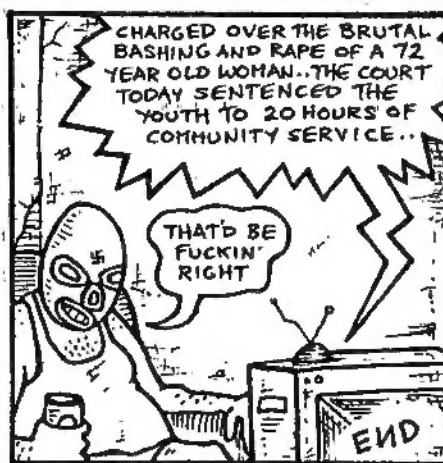
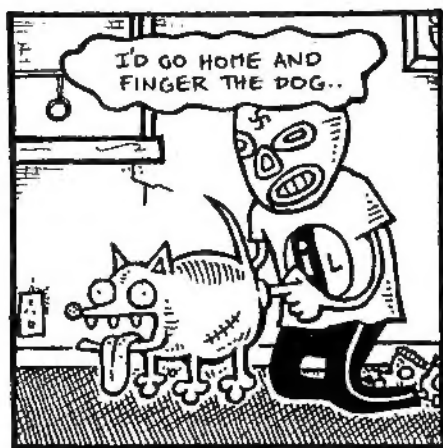
GERMS

THEN IT WAS THE TEACHERS BEATING UP ON YOU?..

YA' FUCKING WEIRDO!

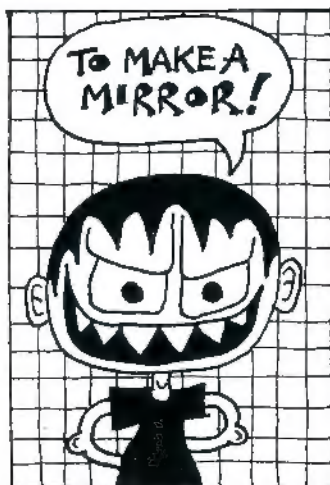
I REMEMBER THIS FAT GIRL IN OUR CLASS USED TO SUCK OFF ALL THE BOYS AFTER SCHOOL ... ALL THE BOYS BUT ME..

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT!?





Stratus APRIL 10, 2001 dawn APRIL 23, 2001



Adapted from dialogue between Ejo and Basu from THE AWAKENED SELF: Encounters with Zen by LUCAS SIEG (INDIANA JONES #15)

STAN AND EDNA NATS

from Syracuse, New York

GOLLY GEE
WHIZ, EDNA,
I'LL BE DOG
GONE IF I
DIDN'T WAKE
UP WITH
ANOTHER
HARD-ON!



YEAH, WELL, IF YOU'RE
EXPECTING A BLOW JOB
FROM ME, STAN, YOU

CAN JUST
FORGET
IT!



OH, YEAH? SO, WHAT'S UP
YOUR ASS TODAY, MISS
HIGH-AND-MIGHTY?



DON'T START WITH ME - I'M
IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR
BULLSHIT TODAY, MISTER!



DON'T YOU GET
BITCHY WITH
ME, OR I'LL...



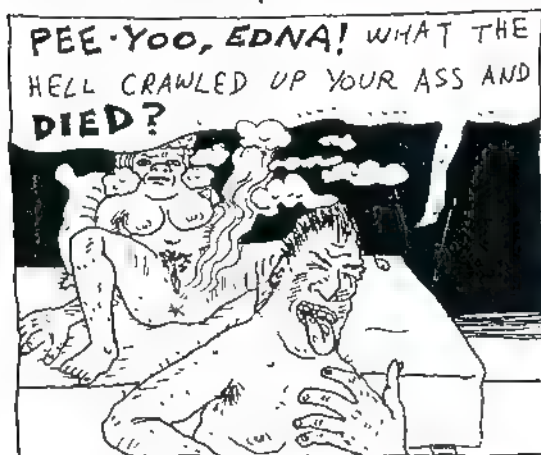
**CAN IT,
ROMEO!**

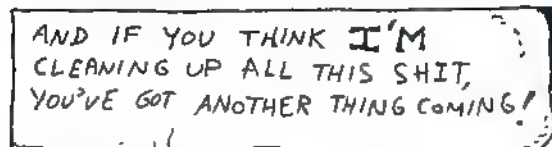
I'M NOT SUCK-
ING YOUR DICK
UNLESS YOU
GIVE **ME**
HEAD FIRST!



FOR THE LOVE OF
CHRIST! OK, BELLA
ABZUG, YOU WIN,
LET'S GET GOING!







PUSSY TURD IN...

"That's what
friends
are for!"

©2000 by A. Calfee

WITH JOHNSON™

IT REALLY
GETS ME
DOWN, JOHN-
SON...

COMING UP
ON ACTION
NEWS AT 10...



WHAT'S
WRONG,
PUSSY
TURD?

OUR TROUBLES
WITH
THE LADIES...

IRAQI MILI-
TANTS MI-
JACK A BUS
FULL OF HAN-
DICAPPED CHIL-
DREN...

I JUST DON'T UNDER-
STAND WHY A COUPLE
OF CHARMING, INTELLI-
GENT, STRAPPING
YOUNG HUNKS
LIKE OUR-
SELVES
SHOULD HAVE
A HARD TIME
FINDING
SOUL MATES!
YOU OR I
WOULD MAKE
A GOOD CATCH
FOR SOME
LUCKY
GIRL!!

AW, DON'T SWEAT IT SO
MUCH BUDDY! EVERY-
BODY'S GOT A SPECIAL
SOMEONE OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE!

YOU KNOW WHAT
THEY SAY, "YOU
CAN'T HURRY
LOVE," WE'LL
FIND US SOME
GALS!

IN THE MEAN-
TIME, IT SURE
WOULD BE NICE
TO SATISFY MY
PHYSICAL
NEEDS!

... HMMM...
WE'RE PRETTY
CLOSE FRIENDS,
RIGHT, PUSSY
TURD?

CONGRESS OFFERS
REPARATIONS TO
POLACKS FOR GEN-
ERATIONS OF OFF-
ENSIVE HUMOR...

HEY JOHN-
SON, I'VE
GOT IT!!

BEND YOUR
FAT ASS
OVER!
BLUBBER-
BOY!!

MOOAAA!

LET'S JUST
BANG EACH
OTHER!!!

THE STATE
DEPARTMENT
AGREES TO NUKE
THE MID-WEST.

AND DOWNTOWN
STREETS WERE
CLOGGED TODAY.

EWW,
SICK!

WHAT IS
IT NOW,
PUSSY TURD?

QUEERS
FUCKIN GROSS
ME OUT,
MAN!!!

...WITH GEF-
BRANTS OF THE
ANNUAL GAY
PRIDE FESTI-
VAL...

END

VIOLENCE AGAINST MUSIC

Bardot: Poison.

What we have here is a giant record company's bid to create a cutesy all-girl group for mass consumption. **Spice Girls** were the model, Australian mediocrity is the result. The girls themselves are far from pretentious, which is what one generally expects from a band of this type. Rather, they are stable, amicable, genuinely personable. And they've been put under intense pressure to perform on many levels. Public relations, all the singing and dancing, and any shortcomings, etc, rests on their heads. They are the ones who'll cop the full brunt of public ridicule if it all falls flat.

After a lot of intensive training they have become adequate vocalists and performers but through no fault of their own **Bardot** is nothing special, evocative or innovative. The **Bardot** girls are simply at the mercy of everyone and everything around them, from the manager, producer, etc, down. And all of it cranked out and squeezed through a gruelling schedule of public appearances, rehearsals, interviews, film shoots, presentations, choreography, recording sessions, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

The result is an all pervading atmosphere of decreativity, dated sound and dreary commerciality, of the banal Australian kind - culturally irrelevant. It's no surprise this one made No. 1; not after all those hours, weeks, all that money, mind-numbing work and seemingly pointless deadlines, big-time machinations and such a rabid media fanfare, including an infotainment TV documentary series and more multimedia floggings and flaggings than motes of cosmic dust in the universe. With that kind of marketing behind it *anything* could become a No. 1 hit!

But what about the song **Poison**, itself? What about the sound coming out of the speakers? Well, maybe not particularly memorable but it could have been worse.

Not as obnoxious as **Madonna**, not as imitating as **Spice Girls**, or as inane as **Bewitched**. And nowhere near as self-indulgent as **Alanis Morissette**. But somewhat lacking in originality.

It's about as catchy as the flu and as welcome, too.

Gorky's Zygotic Myncci: Tatay/ Bwyd Time

These are the first two LPs by this Welch psychedelic act. They are quite different than the rest of the band's output, which is much more conventional even though shades of the initial weirdness retain a presence.

Tatay and **Bwyd Time** reflect a band deliberately

lost in a meandering 90s kind of 60s psychedelic daydream spinning somewhere between the spaced visions of **Gong**, **Soft Machine** and **Caravan**, with a nod to the **Beach Boys**, brief dabblings in avant garde noise and plenty of airiness, eccentricity and effects filling out the rest.

Influences aside, **Gorky's Zygotic Myncci's** sound is largely its own and after repeated listening, very infectious. **Tatay** includes an interesting cover of **Matching Mole's O Caroline**. Occasional diversions into effects laden concrete and short bursts of random improvisation keep both LPs sounding fresh. Some of the songs segue into one another, at times seem to actually slide and phase over and through one another, always morphing, forever drifting, dreaming.

This is a sound loved by many people and it's been around for decades. Compared to many other rock experimentalists and the new breed of Japanese psychedelic acid melters that have emerged recently it may well seem a little mild, even somewhat dated in parts, but it's still inspired and captivating and way too whacky for mainstream airplay. That's because radio-land is now so far behind the times that it has no hope of ever catching on and tuning in.

People in that world still think that psychedelic music is defined by **Eric Clapton** singing the blues. But along with **Soft Machine**, **Gong**, **Amon Duul** and all those acid spinners before them, **Gorky's Zygotic Myncci** leapt way over that little landmark and cruised on towards new frontiers, scattered someplace in the ever expanding cosmic scatterverse of the new psychedelia - a place where only the delirious can make sense.

Soft Machine: Noisette.

This is a new release of previously unreleased live material from 1970. Digitally remastered, of course. It catches **Soft Machine** as a five-piece. **Robert Wyatt** (drums, voice), **Mike Ratledge** (keyboards) and **Hugh Hopper** (bass) are augmented by **Elton Dean** (sax) and **Lyn Dobson** (sax, flute, voice) in a series of stunning and intense live improvised versions of tracks from earlier **Soft Machine** LPs, plus some sets that never made it onto official LPs. The material is jazzy, extended and quirky and stands as testimony to just how different and imaginative this band were. The sound is similar to that of the double third album and is avantrock-cum-jazzrock oriented rather than song based.

Reviews by Steve Carter, 2000.

THE YELLOW PERIL

by The J Man

I thank Mr. Stratu for opening SICK PUPPY to The J Man and allowing me to present this brief essay on the **greatest problem facing mankind in the 21st century**. Surely readers of this august publication are familiar with issues of concern such as the new global economy, revived nationalism, terrorism, organized multinational crime, religious fanaticism, global warming, global virology, the ethical and moral dilemma of biotechnology and the loss of privacy in the new electronic village. But despite the potential for each of these powder kegs of crisis to explode into worldwide catastrophe, it is **one frequently overlooked public health disaster which has already erupted in the United States and which now threatens to spread to the four corners of the globe** that is truly mankind's most dangerous adversary in the New Millennium. And it is ironic that one small three letter word sums up man's enormous enemy, an insidious antagonist who attacks first from within, then gradually and unceasingly pushes outward, mercilessly covering everything in its path with its hot, yellow death shroud.

FAT is the monster's name

Doubtless, many will scoff at The J Man's assertion that **fat is the greatest single threat to our planet**. But if the reader will be so kind as to study the following paragraphs with an open mind, I am confident you will conclude The J Man has, indeed, justified his startling claim.

"...the disgusting craving for yet another Whopper with Cheese..."

Let me begin by stating the **destructive force of fat** can already be seen throughout the entirety of the world. We see it in the starving and diseased masses of Africa, in the forced executions of orphans in China, in the child slave labour and prostitution of Southeast Asia, and in the outright obesity of the American population. And it is in the American population where this destructive tide originates. For it is the **disgusting craving for yet another Whopper with Cheese** by the American fatty which has caused the conversion of one of the earth's great treasures, the rain forest, into mere grazing land for cattle. Millions of acres of land, formerly producing vitally needed oxygen, are now left besotted with **tons and tons of cattle faeces**. Rising from this gargantuan new dung heap is a vast poisonous cloud of methane gas that drifts into the upper atmosphere and disrupts the normal equatorial currents - the result of which has left vast portions of Africa in continual drought.

And let us not neglect to mention that the conversion of the rain forest has also literally unearthed new diseases, spring from microbes that, from their age-old existence, had never seen the light of day. But The J Man is already at our grim conclusion, without ever having demonstrated our tragic beginning. And this tragedy begins in the belly of the typical American,

United States Department of Health statistics reveal that 75% of Americans are overweight, with 33% being so overweight they are categorized as obese. **Obese is the polite word for pig**. One out of every three Americans is a pig.

*Too much fat, ladies and gentlemen!
Too much fat!*

Americans eat more than they need, plain and simple. And, astonishingly, the consequences are now literally being felt throughout the planet - for the **collective fat of the American people is at a weight that is now causing stress upon the earth's crust**. The surface land mass of the continental United States is actually sagging into the earth's lithosphere, thereby causing severe convergence of tectonic plates. Not only is this responsible for the rise of earthquakes in the United States in the past decade, but also of those worldwide. This is because the slippage of the faults under the U.S. surface area is so great, that the effects extend to the continental plates under all of North America. This, in turn, puts pressure on the plates of South America, which, in turn, put pressure on the plates under Australia, and so on. In short, the fat of America has caused an earthquake domino effect that has reordered the tectonic plates of the entire planet. Thus we see an unprecedented rise in earthquakes worldwide. **Every new mouthful of food the American pig shovels into his mouth pushes the entire world closer to the catastrophe of a magnitude 10 quake**. Millions will die as the result of the one American pig eating the one potato chip that will actually break the continental plate's back.

The J Man has detailed, in the form of the destruction of the rain forest and in the rise in earthquakes, just two of the many, many environmental disasters caused by the gross obesity and the uncontrolled appetites of the American. This then, the uncontrolled appetite of the American, is the beginning of the world wide fat crisis. But there is an even more alarming consequence of the swinish American character than the environmental ruin I have just catalogued. **For the American fat mass is also a moral abomination**. No longer can they be classified as human. **These Americans must now be branded pigs**, as they have given themselves over to the most reprehensible practices. In the few paragraphs I have remaining, The J Man would like to identify just two of the many disgusting character traits that define the term "American". In the interests of fairness, I will examine one trait each from **the male and the female pig**.

We see in the **female pig**, or the fat American woman, a disturbing tendency toward physical torture of children. T.L. Summerville's study of childcare workers showed that 73% of all full-time American babysitters are obese women. Note: we are not talking of teenage girls who work part-time for movie and chewing gum money, but the **terminally obese female pigs** who, because of their repellent physical characteristics, are unable to secure full-time employment in the public sector, and must therefore turn to full-time child care where their fat bodies can be safely hidden from the public's view behind the locked doors of the homes of families with working parents or in day care centres. These ugly female endless eaters have been naturally selected to be shunted away from decent society. Unfortunately, the only occupation left available is childcare. In a tragedy beyond compare, these hideous cellulite nannies are the absolute worst surrogates to care for our children. Summerville's study has shown that **fat female pigs, when exposed to healthy thin children, begin to experience feelings of intense self-loathing**. This self-loathing is then projected, via the fatty's ego defence mechanism, onto the innocent



thin child. Summerville has documented and videoed over 5000 hours of videotape of child torture. Dozens of families and commercial child care institutions allowed Summerville to install video surveillance equipment in their homes and day care centres. The results are truly horrific: **200 + 300 pound greasy-haired female pigs** victimizing thin children, screaming the most profane epithets imaginable, while slapping, punching, scratching and clawing at the innocent thin. Worse yet, some attack the normal youths with scissors, needles, forks, knives, even the children's own toys. One **260-pound behemoth** live-in nanny was even caught on tape loading a pretty 35-pound girl into a clothes dryer. How do they get away with this? By threatening the children with death if they dare tell their parents. **"You skinny little rat, if you tell your mother, I'll cut you into bite size pieces and cook you and eat you!"** we hear one massive sitter growl. The American female pig's cannibalistic lust has an interesting parallel in Nazi Germany. A little-reported fact is that the second fattest nation in record is that of Nazi Germany. And even in that loathsome society, where men eagerly volunteered to commit the most heinous atrocities, still, when it came to the mass extermination of Jewish, Slavic, and handicapped children, only overweight FrauLeins could be convinced to operate the crematoria. This ugly fact is documented in Heinrich Ziffstags's *'Hansel and Gretel as Fact: Obese Women in Nazi Germany'*.

Now, if you will bear with The J Man for just a few more unpleasant observations, I promise I will conclude this report on the dark cloud of fat by revealing the proverbial "silver lining".

The J Man must now exhibit one of the most shameful facets of the fat male's personality. The **male pig** in America, his belly so bloated by beer and Big Macs, has completely **lost sight of his own penis**. This bears repeating. The fat man in America is so overstuffed with foodstuffs, his stomach extends well past the point at which his vision can observe his lower extremities over the horizon of his belly. The fat man is left with a veritable waistband eclipse of his own penis. He therefore has developed a severe **psychosexual disorder in which he comes to view himself as a pregnant woman**. Karl Siegfried, who pioneered much of the early research into this disorder, has labelled the condition FART, or Fat Activated Remote Transsexualism. As such, the FART sufferer is prematurely dawn to small boys, whom he identifies as the child he once was, and whom he fantasizes as carrying in his own bloated stomach/womb, soon to be reborn. Left at this, FART would merely be a harmless eccentricity of the jolly fat man. Unfortunately, **repeated encounters with slim, lithe boys triggers an infantile sexual response in the fat man** - resulting in a partial regression to the oral stage of development where the **fatty is consumed with a monstrous, insatiable lust to commit acts of oral sodomy upon boys**. Statistical corroboration of the FART phenomenon is provided by FBI data that reveals that the typical male serial paedophile is almost always fat. Convicted adult male violators of boys have an average height of 5' 10" and an average weight of 245 pounds. Perverted fat.

In the interests of brevity The J Man will refrain from establishing the links between the other environmental and moral disasters that have spread from fat America to the rest of the world. In closing, I would now like to reveal the promised silver lining in the battle against the dark cloud of fat. We will look at one government program that has had dramatic results in reducing the incidence of fat in American women.

At the early 1900s, our population was not plagued with the first ever auto-suggestive eating disorder: Anorexia Nervosa, or, nervous loss of appetite. By creating a false positive, that is, by manipulating the images of women produced by the mass media, the government has gradually begun to precondition females, from the earliest stages at which they can comprehend external cues, to embrace an emaciated, skeletal appearance as the ideal in female beauty (for example, the rail-thin Barbie Doll toy is often the first icon of female beauty American girls are exposed to). The results have been encouraging on two levels. First, and most obviously, as a general overall weight reducer, the Anorexia program has effectively saturated 10% of the American female population, and recent surveys predict a continued steady growth rate throughout at least the next decade. The program's goal of an overall saturation rate of 33% seems attainable. The second level of success has stemmed from an unpredicted outcome. For some still unknown reason, it has been discovered that 2% - 5% of the females participating in the Anorexia program will die. This unexpected side effect is, of course, highly efficient in terms of weight reduction.

The J Man will now conclude what was initially a rather bleak report on the problem of fat in a World in Crisis with still more reason for optimism for the future. I can now confidently report the government will be able to introduce into the male population of America a program similar to Anorexia Nervosa. While this male program begins, and the female program continues, research scientists will be hard at work creating a second generation of fat-reducing programs. Early indications from some of our government's most advanced research and development labs indicate a **bright future filled with fat-killing viruses, mind control programs, and even prenatal genetic engineering**. In short, the American government is working hard to ensure that the grotesque blight of fat male and female pigs is forever removed from the American landscape by the year 2025.

Thank you for your attention.



Illustration by Leon 2001

The J Man produces his own zine, the wonderful 'The J Man Times'. Write to him at 2246 St Francis St #A-211, Ann Arbor MI 48104-4828, USA or e-mail thejman99@aol.com or visit his website <http://hometown.aol.com/thejman99>



FARTIN' ABOUT WIT' DEMONS AND BIKEPUMPS... Glenn Smith





Write to: **Sick Puppy Comix, PO Box 93, Paddington
NSW 2021, Australia orsstratu@lycos.com**

SP#11 rocked my sox. Keep pumpin' that sick juice.
P.S. There is a very 'penis' overtone - do you agree?
Do we all have penis envy or something?

**Anton Emdin
Stanmore NSW**

Finally read all of #11 - great fuckin' issue, man! Some random thoughts:

The colour covers are awesome, especially VelVeeda (who is God, or quite possibly a very close relative).

Maccad's work is clean and sweet (and I love seeing them Spice Girls all trussed up like Sunday roasts).

I also particularly enjoyed the pieces by Ross Tesoriero, Johnny R, Chris Crielaard and Chris Mikul. Hell, they were all good!
The quality of your submissions just gets better and better.

**Dann Lennard
Sydney South NSW**

Promoting such filth to the public certainly will get you to hell in quick time. I mean that in the nicest possible way, though. I was pretty disgusted flicking through it, but I guess it's because I'm with someone new and he shows me beautiful things and, well, the old stuff is, um, pretty old. But see, I don't wanna say such things because if it's making you happy, keep doing it! (Thanks! I will! - Stratu) I kinda think that promoting beautiful things is a little more self-rewarding. I mean, almost everything in SICK PUPPY is deranged, manic, psychotic stuff. It seems like you could be fuelling ideas to future nutcases, perverts, rapists and possibly killers. Well, you never know, babe - your comic IS travelling around the world. Your knowledge of serial killers should tell you why they are monsters.

Think about this - would it make you feel good to be publishing other people's twisted and sinful thoughts and infiltrating them into other people's already sick minds? Maybe think about it for a few seconds, huh?

**Nadia
Blakehurst NSW**

Thank you for sending the new SICK PUPPY Boy, I really like the new format. The cover is beautifully done. The content is first rate as usual, also. And I must thank you for the kind words about TJMT - greatly appreciated.

Did you hear the news that Debbie Goad died? Got a letter from Jim Goad a couple days ago and he mentioned it. I decided to post my 'The Tragedy That Is Goad' article on my web page - a very sad thing for my first web update in a long time.
Be of good cheer

**Jeff Rassoul
Ann Arbor MI USA**

Sick Puppy was ace! A real spick job!! You know, Kapreles wrote to me and asked why I didn't like his stuff, he also sent me one of his zines. He was so gracious I feel like a bastard. The King VelVeeda cover was real nice. You seem to be compiling better and better stuff each time. Mannheim's column is always a treat. I wish he had a few more pages, though. However I seem to remember him devoting one whole 'review' slagging off a so-called "slut" coz she wasn't hip and cool enough to accept that a snuff video he had was real. I swear - he is almost as cool as an overweight comic shop owner who snorts when he talks about how cool 'The Matrix' is.

I'm going to sue you for sexuality
Lust,

**Ben Hutchings
Wannias ACT**

I have never been that interested in comics but if you keep this up, I may become an addict

I found quite a bit in this issue which was somewhat applicable to my own life. Since I work in forestry, I found *Horace Horsford Moral Crusader* highly intriguing. I mean, I've seen animals and even birds jerking off but never have I seen one reading a porn mag. God giving him the finger was hilarious. *Canine Orgy* was also hilarious and also had some personal meaning as both my closest neighbours have dogs that yap, bark and go on at a hell of a rate. Sometimes I can drown them out with a good CD. No one next door that looks like the babe in this strip but the woman next to them is just about as hot as this one. And then, of course, [Mannheim's] *Loser File* described me "grin". Seriously though, when I first saw the title of Mannheim's column I immediately thought: "Hey, what's this? A profile of David Nolte?" [David Nolte is co-editor, along with Mannheim Jerkoff, of *CRIMSON CELLULOID* zine - Stratu]

I quite liked the *Tom Cruise Is Not Gay* strip. Based on *Eyes Wide Shut*, he ain't much of an actor either

The *Red World Stories* was cute and pages 18 to 21 [Louise Graber's *BLACK LIGHT ANGELS*] were very good. *Meet The Pax* was scary. Kind of a message there

Hell, I liked almost all of this issue. Skipped the interview with the dead guy and Carter's music review essay but read everything else.

By the way, someone once told me that Antoinette Rydyr is a supreme babe. True?

**Rod Leighton
Tatamagouche CANADA**

I very much enjoyed SICK PUPPY #11. Keep up the great work. I hung out with Bruno [Nadakin] last week for a day, we romped around an old overgrown graveyard downstairs from the building I live in. We plan to do some drawings together.

I'll be in Malmö, Sweden from August 19 to October 2. I'll be playing Jesus Christ in a performance piece. Should be fun! I'll let you know how it goes.

**Mike Diana
New Jersey NY USA**

SICK PUPPY is grouse. I treat them like when I would cherish my MAD magazines as a little one.

Congrats and keep up the good work.

**Andrew Sutherland
by e-mail**

Greetings from England!

Received a copy of SICK PUPPY #11 from a contact in the States. It's a fine effort with the contents living up to the high production values. I would never have guessed that Australia had such a vibrant underground scene. Your *Garage Press* section was top notch. I'll be using the contacts listed.

**J Marriott "WEIRD ZINES"
Bristol ENGLAND**

It was funny on the plane ride here - I started reading SP and I had this 'sophisticated' gentleman all dressed up in a suit sitting beside me. Boy did he get a shock when he decided to have a peep at why I was laughing so loudly (After his little peep he actually had his seat changed)

**Harsh
by e-mail**

Woah! You won't believe this, but just then I answered the door and got my nose broken! See! [dried blood on page] Shit. There's blood everywhere! My ex-girlfriend's, new boyfriend's brother just beat me up with the help of a couple other guys. Fuck! Me and my girlfriend broke up when I caught her fucking her current boyfriend, but she came back a few times for sex (he's not up to scratch). He obviously just found out and sent over a goon squad to fuck me up.

Oh well. It was worth it. I got my revenge! Ha Ha! Ha!

P.S. It's dangerous writing you letters!!

**Ryan Vella
Pleystowe QLD**

FLY BUYS

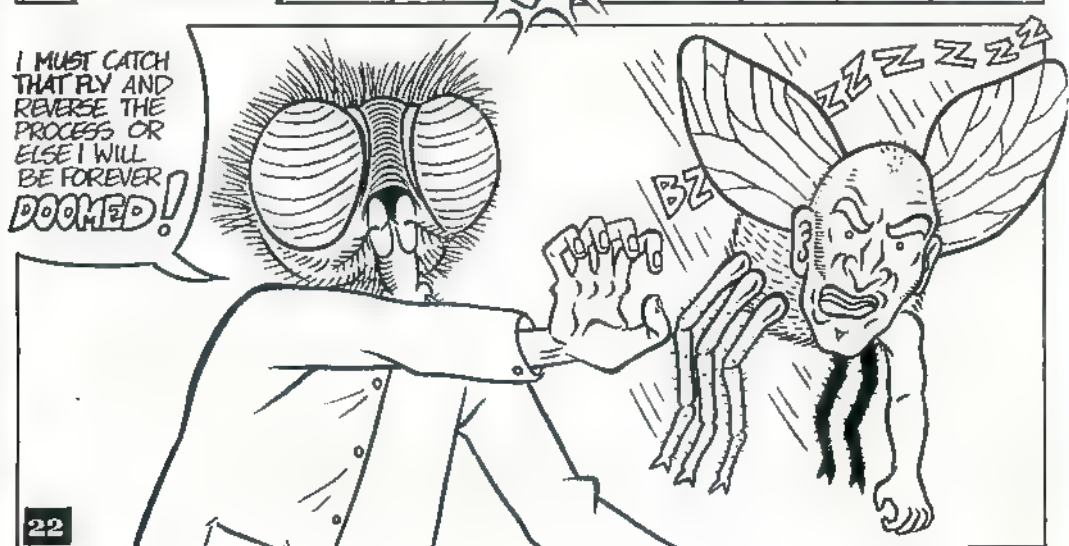
BY
SCAR
2000

...IN A SECRET LABORATORY SOMEWHERE
BEYOND THE BLACK STUMP...

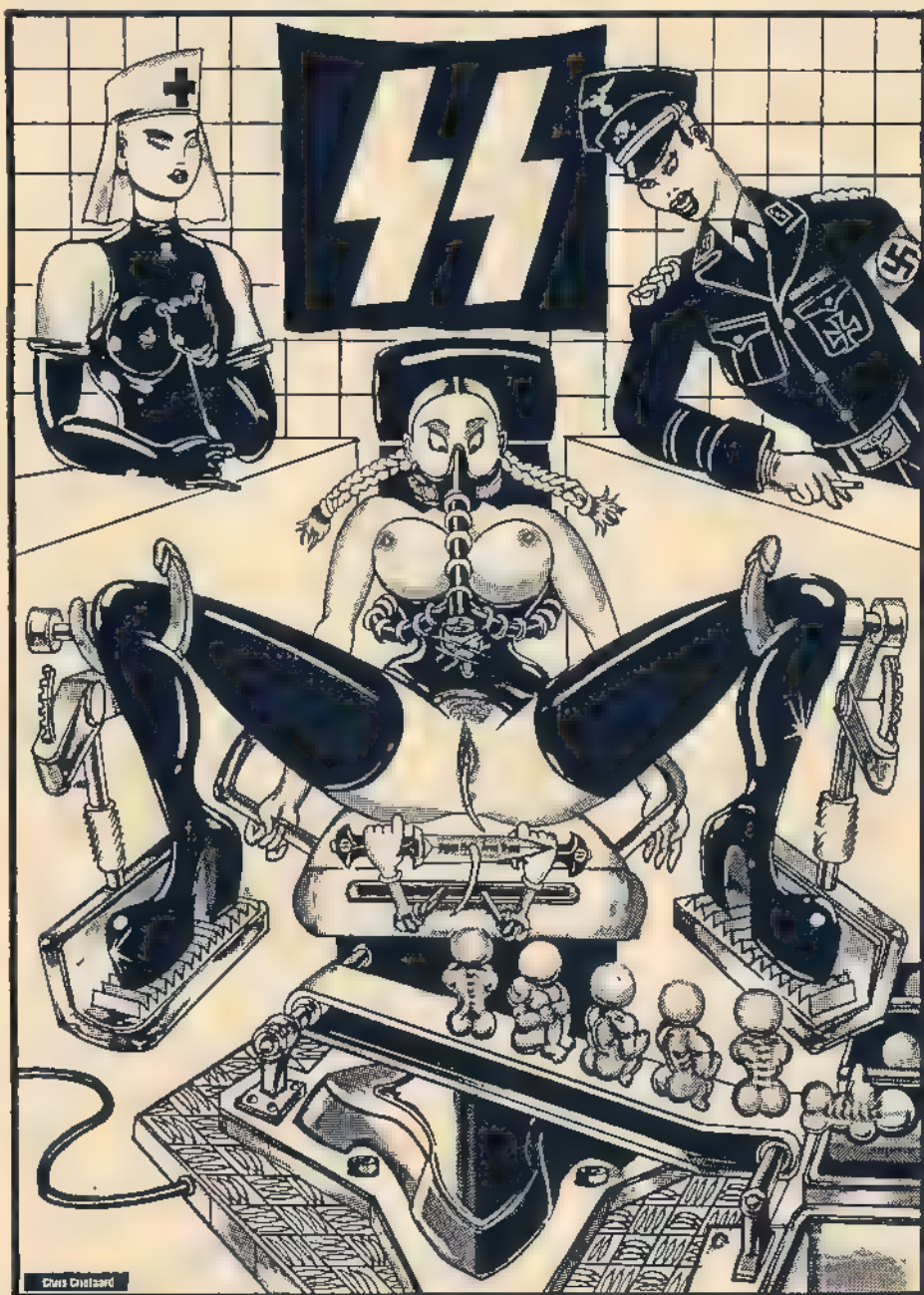
MY TRANSMUGENIC MACHINE
WILL WORK THIS TIME. SO
CONFIDENT AM I THAT I WILL
TEST IT ON MYSELF!



I MUST CATCH
THAT FLY AND
REVERSE THE
PROCESS OR
ELSE I WILL
BE FOREVER
DOOMED!







Number 12

SICK PUAPY

COMIX

\$5



FOR MATURE READERS ONLY!! ©



"And it is to be noted that it is the fact that art is this intense form of individualism that makes the public try to exercise over it an authority that is as immoral as it is ridiculous, and as corrupting as it is contemptible. It is not quite their fault. The public has always, and in every age, been badly brought up. They are continually asking art to be popular, to please their want of taste, to flatter their absurd vanity, to tell them what they have been told before, to show them what they ought to be tired of seeing, to amuse them when they feel heavy after eating too much, and to distract their thoughts when they are wearied of their own stupidity."

1891年、フィリップ島の「リトルペンギンウォッチ」 Oscar Wilde from 'The Soul of Man Under Socialism' (1891)

editorial: 野生ペンギンがたくさん住んでいます。メルボルンから車で フィリップ島には世界的にも珍しい、体

Welcome to the brand new issue, folks. Since it's almost mandatory in these things to 'shoot the bull' about how late the damn issue is, and why, and all that bullshit, here goes...

Ten whole goddamn months since SP#11! "What the fuck have you been doing with all that time Stratu, you slack motherfucker?"

Oh how I cringe when asked that question! What possible excuse is there? The "psychological problems" explanation is getting a little tired, and besides, I'm on Zoloft now so there's no excuse right? A psychological meadow of beautiful, brightly coloured flowers and happy people skipping through here, and couples head over heels in love, ridiculously enormous grins, shiny hair, clear skin, bowls of cherries, sun shining in a clear blue sky, birds twittering and building nests together in perfect harmony, a snapshot of the wonderful new state of perfect mental stability in Stratu's formerly tortured brain. So? Here it is. TELEVISION. Yep, Goddamn TV. I get home every day after busting my arse at my daytime job, make some peanut butter on toast, flip the TV on and flop down onto my bed and WATCH. It's rather compelling. I assure you, quite hypnotic indeed. Also, living alone, TV gives a very realistic sense of other live humans in the room, so you are comfortably distracted from your miserable life as a hermit. You can see the appeal now, can't you? Huh? See?

Enjoy the new issue friends.

--- Stratu May 7 2001 ---

「リトルペンギンウォッチ」の「オスカー・ワイルド」 '東国雄'

の「リトルペンギンウォッチ」の「オスカー・ワイルド」 '東国雄'

CONTRIBUTOR NOTES... 野生ペンギンがたくさん住

Neale Blanden - It's good to have you back old chap!

Neale's still teaching younger, snottier-nosed kids the fine art of drawing comix and you too can write to him for pointers at PO Box 1173, Huntingdale VIC 3166.

Boz divides his time between producing his finely rendered art, his zine *Nosebleed* (reviewed within), and his band The Steam Pig, who now have an album out of their punk/Oil Tunes - Boz, PO Box 7674, Dublin 1, Ireland.

Trevor Brown is an Englishman now living in Japan. He produces his own limited, exquisite productions, supplies cover art to 'power electronics' unit Whitehouse, and contributes to 'underground' magazines the world over. Equally, his website is a sublime work of art in itself -

www.babyart.com write to him at 206 Copo Aoi, 4-13-11 Kichijoji Higashicho, Musashino City, Tokyo 180-0002, Japan or tb_art@qa2.so-net.ne.jp

Ivan Brunetti should have a number of superb new productions out by the time you read this, visit his website at www.ivanbrunetti.com or write to 2201 W. Winona Ave Apt. #2, Chicago IL 60625, USA or ibrunetti@popmail.colum.edu

Aric Calfee cranks his *Deathfart* comix out of his base in New Jersey - find a review and his contact details in this issue's *Xerox Jockey*.

Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr (SCAR) have been involved in the Australian underground comix scene as long as anybody can remember, write to them at PO Box 312, Greenacre NSW 2190.

Chris Crieleard has produced two issues of the stunning Chuck and is "busy as hell" on a third, as well as working on clothing designs in his hometown of Maastricht - write to him at Via Regia 180N, 6217 RA Maastricht, Holland.

Mike Diana has been busy contributing comix to publications worldwide and playing Jesus Christ in a theatre performance in Malmo, Sweden - write to him at 5711 Kennedy Blvd #305, North Bergen NJ 07047, USA or mikediana@onebox.com

Marcel Herms has just released a fine comix collection (*Het Moet Onverstaanbaar*), read about it and find his contact details in *Xerox Jockey*.

Doug Iannucci divides his time between advanced,

dedicated study of numbers, and producing his riotously hilarious comix *Sham*. See *Xerox Jockey* for review and contact details.

Mannheim Jerkoff divides his time between building his reputation as International Überfendi, and 'doing battle with his krancky' in front of one of his multitude of porn videos. He can be contacted through this publication.

The J Man produces his excellent *The J Man Times* - see *Xerox Jockey* for review and contact details.

Kapreles was recently raided by the Belgian equivalent of the FBI. They confiscated comix, zines and porn yet didn't find what they suspected him of possessing because he didn't have it. Kaprele's publishing projects are on hold, hopefully temporarily. Write to him with a few kind words, he could sure use 'em - Kapreles, Palesstraat 7 Bus 3, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium.

Leon should have his first comix book (*Panelbeater*) out by the time you read this. Meanwhile, find out about his zine *Battery Acid* and contact details in *Xerox Jockey*.

Maccad is the 'ubergoth' behind *Glitter Shy*, his gawgeously Gawthic comix production. Visit his website at <http://www.ubergoth.net/maccad/> or write to him at maccad@ubergoth.net

Bruno Nadalim produces his excellent *Chum* comix and generously contributes his fine work to such 'high-powered' publications as *SICK PUPPY COMIX*. Write to him at PO Box 142, Hoboken NJ 07030, USA or brunonadalim@yahoo.com

Claudio Parentela is a very recent discovery here at *SICK PUPPY*, but if his wonderful comix work is anything to go by, you will be seeing a lot more of him in these pages. Find out about his latest comix book and contact details in *Xerox Jockey*.

D Rat is another great talent recently discovered here in our own country, albeit on the opposite coast. Read about his comix and find contact details in *Xerox Jockey*.

Glenn Smith is one talented retard no doubt about it, with a big heart of gold. He's working on his 'retard metal' opus which should be finished by the time you read this. Another project is his KISS anthology - a lifelong dream finally coming true! Write to this fine fellow at 75 Sampson St, Orange NSW 2800 or retardmeta@hotmail.com

Stratu is publisher and contributing editor of *SICK PUPPY COMIX*.

SICK PUPPY COMIX #12, May 2001. First printing 290 numbered copies. Published by Rabid Publishing. All contents copyright of the respective creators/authors. Submissions welcome - send good quality photocopies only to: SICK PUPPY COMIX, RABID PUBLISHING, PO BOX 93, PADDINGTON NSW 2021, AUSTRALIA.

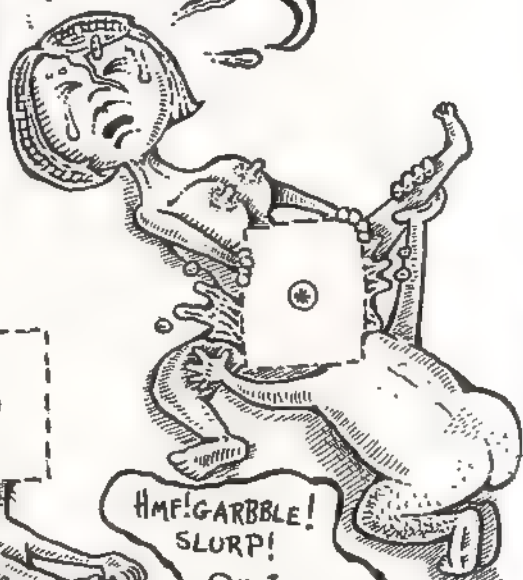
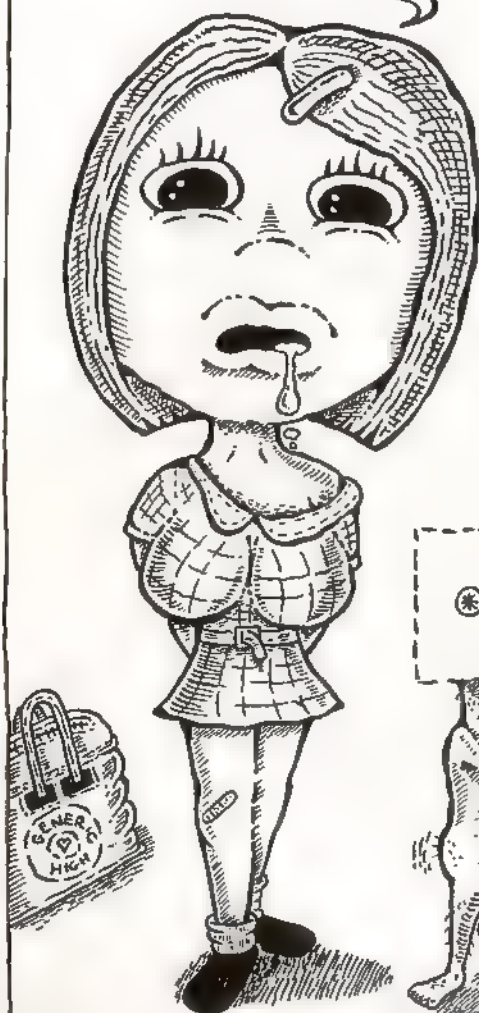
fun-time INTERACTIVE COMICS!

I'M HOT! I'M HORNY!

I'm barely legal.....

TAKE ME YOU BIG STOD MUFFIN!

MOAN! Oh! You use
your tongue like
an ANTEATER IN
HEAT!



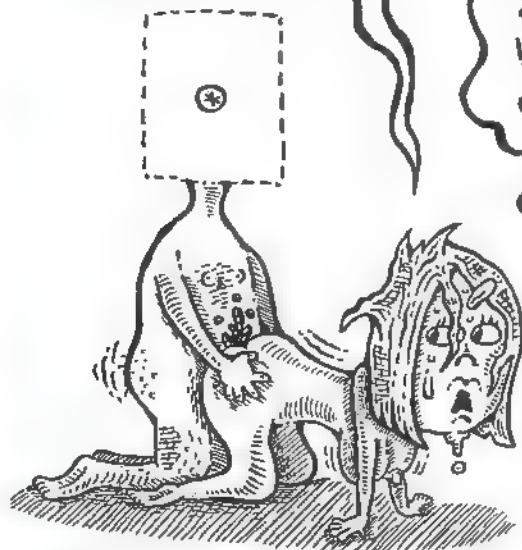
HMF! GARBLE!
SLURP!

OH I CAN
HARDLY fit it
ALL IN MY
MOUTH!



© PASTE your PHOTO HERE!.....

FILL MY 'SEWER OF THE BODY' WITH YOUR
LOVE JUICE!!



Ooh! Ooh! Never Before
has my Butterfly been
SO DEEPLY PENETRATED
by the SNAKE! Let us
COME TOGETHER! OH GOD!
EEEEAAH!



TWO MONTHS LATER...

WAHH! I'M PREGNANT!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?!

DONT WORRY, I'LL HELP
SUPPORT YOU...

Shit! now I have
to get a REAL JOB!

By the
way...
I've also
given
you
the clap...

2011

5 years later...

WHERE
THE FUCK
HAVE YOU
BEEN!?!

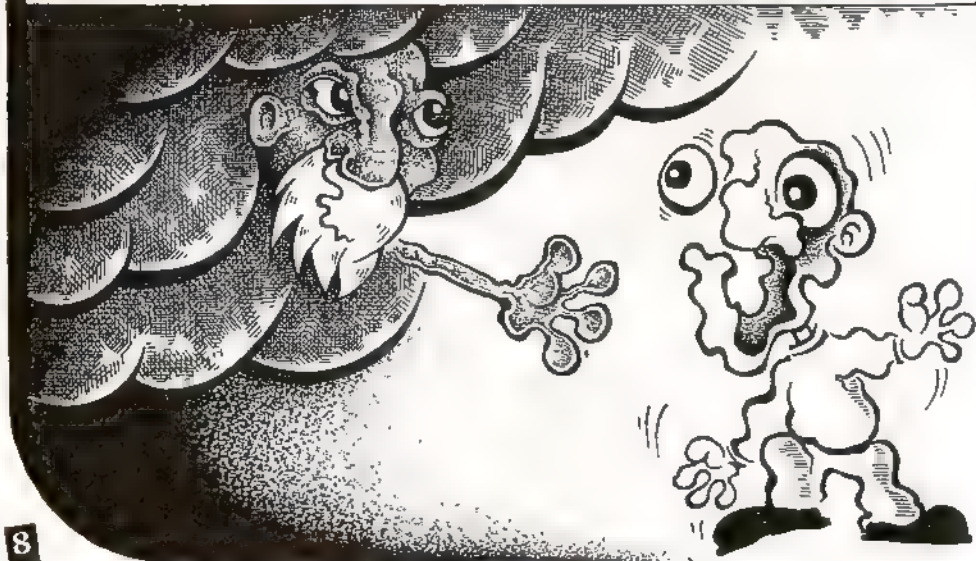
I WANT
SOMETHING!

WEE FUCKS.

by Ivan Brucchi
↑





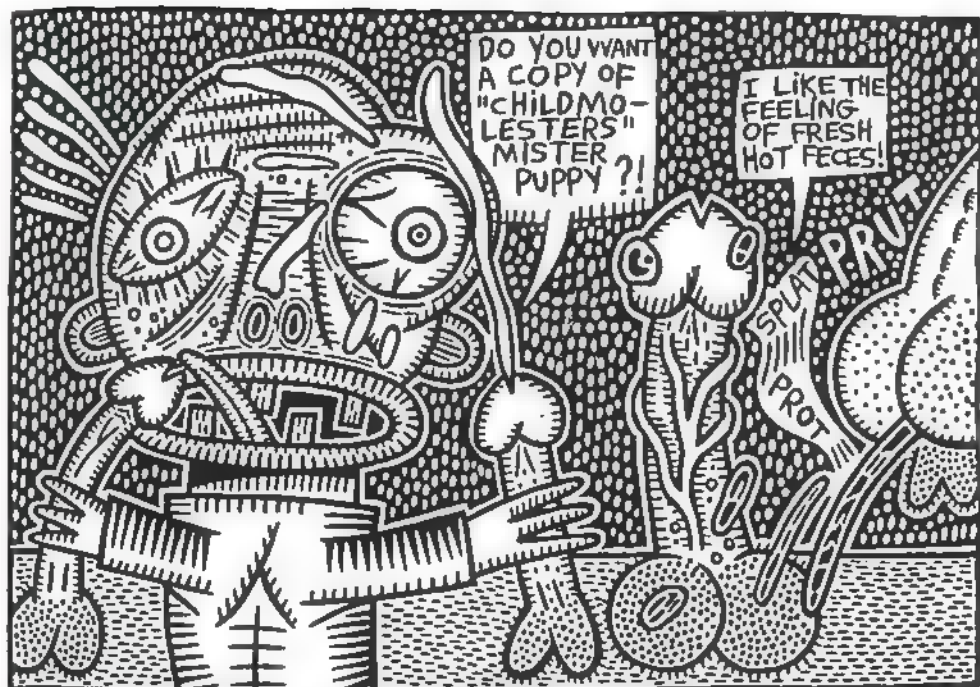


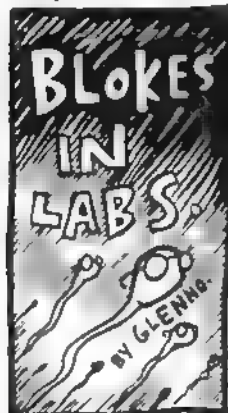












Remember when the genetic engineers showed us the freaky ear-mouse.



...well, they forgot to tell us about the first experiments

DICKDOG as it was affectionately named, was the direct result of a bet between two sicko eggheads.

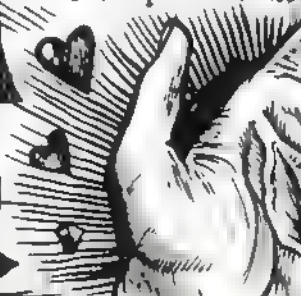


After a year or so of stupid genetic blunders, the boys in the labs got stuck into some serious science that would benefit all of humanity



THE MRS PALMER 2000 m.

In the minds and pants of these men, they felt like Nobel prize winners.



Things became ridiculous when one bloke in a lab concentrated all his scientific funding on his dick.



All the blood went from his head, to his porn-driven member and exploded in a blaze of glory.

So there you have it! Humanity certainly learnt an important lesson here and went on to searching out the answers to lifes important questions and stuff...





THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE [PORN] WORLD

by MANNHEIM JERKOFF

I'll bet that none of you pathetic slobes can list the Seven Wonders of the World (without looking it up). Can you name just three? Shift! Stratu is right - you really are a pack of ignorant shits. It's not like there's a lot to remember, and I bet most of you can list the seven ingredients of a Big Mac, but try to recall the monuments erected to perpetuate the 'Arcana of the Mysteries' and you're left scratching your oddly-shaped skull.

Oh well. Crumbling constructs of antiquity have secured their place in the history books, but for today's busy primate, we need something more sensational, more impressive, more outstanding than the glittering achievements of technology and industry that surround us daily (only to be rapidly eclipsed by something newer, bigger and shinier). So I propose the Seven Pornographic Wonders of the World - seven choice images that make even hardened pornojunkies (like myself) gasp in awe.

1. DOWNTOWN #11 is the only issue of this excellent series to make the foray into a large format, glossy magazine, and what a monumental achievement of pornographic debasement it represents. The cover has a slim, busty young body clad in fetish gear, down on all fours, whilst a harsh mistress crams her entire hand (up to the wrist) into a tight teenage arsehole.

The pictorial catalogues the sequence of events. She is first vigorously sodomised by a huge fat cock, held open for inspection, then fist/arse-fucked. Once impaled on the end of mistress' arm with a hand entombed in her young colon, she is then permitted to be fucked. The caption reads: "Powered by a fist". What an utterly debased, gorgeous, teeny whore. Her sex toy body, her tight, neat labia and full, ripe wonderjugs indicate youth and beauty. Her submission to brutal violation indicates a depraved and compliant nature. She is the ideal woman

2. TEENAGER #71 - I had a crush on a girl a few years ago who consistently rebuffed my amorous advances. (Of course, I eventually despaired, lost interest and sought out girls less precious about sharing the joys of intimacy). But what is denied you in physical reality, you can at least enjoy the vicarious (symbolic) thrill in fantasy. So imagine my delight to find a girl who was almost identical, but younger and cuter (and almost certainly saner) taking on two stiff cocks. Laughing and smiling as they corn hole and double-penetrate her while she compliantly assumes face-down and supine postures, grinning and winking knowingly at the camera with a comfortable familiarity as if to say: "I'm full. I LOVE it." as both guys take turns ramming their

choice of three orifices before ejecting healthy loads of jizz onto her happy little face.

If only her real-life counterpart was as enthusiastic.



Illustration by BRUNO D NADALIN

3. CHICK EXTREME #3 - A slim little blonde cutie looks like a teenage runaway, genuine wide-eyed innocence and vulnerability and far too young to be an experienced porno whore.

Someone should have warned her.

She is confronted by two masked and leather-clad, hardened pervers (male and female) in a plush, refined house of fetish. She is stripped and mauled while the degenerate pair inspect their prey, practically naked except for her little white socks. They fit her with a dog collar and lead. She submissively licks cunt and sucks cock while her new owners observe and evaluate her efforts.

She bites her knuckle and winces in pain, turning her face away in a futile effort to deny the impalement her tight teen twat is subjected to, but flashes of light expose her defilement as leering photographers capture her exploitation for all to witness. Blood pours out of her ruptured whorehole, cascading in rivulets down her silky inner thigh, her mangled cunt resembling an Aztec sacrifice.

The final shot shows her bloody and cum-soaked, gazing up in doe-eyed obedience as mistress towers over her with spiked heel treading on tender and abused flesh. She is now an initiated sex toy for depraved lechers, enslaved to serve a phallic god.

Months later I spied her in **DIRTY TEENS VOL 9** where she is fistfucked, her degradation reaching new heights. Her young body belongs to porn. A sweet young innocent becomes just another filthy, debased slut. A soul-dead hole for hire

4. TORNADO #5 – Often you'll get two girls in a pictorial where the ugliest and oldest will perform the more extreme sex stunts. Some tattoo-besmirched and pierced old mole surrenders her ruined sex cavities for regular and familiar pummeling by fists, colossa dildos, bottles etc. And while hope springs eternal that the sweet young assistant will do more than simply supply her tiny hand as a great makeshift dildo, the younger and cuter she is the more likely it is that she's only there for scenery and moral support. A pretty face to distract you from some middle-aged hagvorn. Yet, occasionally, the sweet young thing falls into the role of central whore (demonstrating the benefits of widespread drug addiction in young girls) and the well-worn trollop becomes a practiced and eminently qualified guide to ease the innocent's transformation from somebody's daughter into somebody's jazz spittoon. Or in this case somebody's human glove puppet.

A hand is eased into her tiny bum. Her sunny countenance washes away to be replaced by a look of helpless concern for her violated young flesh, then eclipsed by drug-induced bliss. A latex-clad maniac straddles her and fucks her while mistress' hand is deep in her arse. Two cocks tear into her sex holes. She's spread open, full to the brim and ready to receive an angry load of male essence, shot into her drug-dazed, ecstatic face

5. BIZARRE SEX #19 – Here's a girl way out of her depth. Chained up in an elaborately furnished dungeon/Satanic temple, surrounded by black magic paraphernalia and implements of torture, a group of jaded sex predators take turns using her restrained, slim and athletic body for sexual gratification and voyeuristic titillation.

One of the black candle bearing apostles is a dead ringer for Stratu. *[Well hell, you don't think I can support my high-flying life as an underground publishing kingpin solely by pushing a goddamn mail trolley, do you? Stratu]* She heroically endures being poked, prodded; fingered, fucked, fisted and sodomised. The naive cutie fulfils her initiation with blind obedience. She has surrendered her will and abandoned her identity to embrace total whoredom. Her ego dissolves. She sucks cock. Therefore she is a cocksucker and nothing else. She has merged identity with eternity.

But it's an eternity of depravity

6. DOWNTOWN #9 – Several middle-aged, masked whores with piercings in hanging labia and well-worn cunts cram fists and tree trunk thick dildos into each other. It's all in a day's work for these well-practiced slags. But new blood has arrived. Two cute young blondes searching for sexual paradise submit to skifu hands as the corruptors guide fat cocks into pristine arseholes and hold their cheeks apart for a choice photo opportunity. Searing pain wracks their tender flesh as hammer blows of thick, fat phaluses slam into a vulnerable virgin sphincter. The blindfolded blondes dutifully screw and suck assorted cocks thrust into their plant mouths. Whose cock is it? The same guy who arsefucked her? How can they know? They can't see, only obey.

And thus begins a life of continuing and extreme debauchery.

7. [see xerox for Japanese title] – Three little Japanese schoolgirls in their sailor suit school uniform. Young, slim and eminently fuckable. First it's panties off so curious cuties can compare their developing bodies. They explore each other's erogenous zones with a variety of sex toys and with typically Japanese innovation, adapt a candle, a cotton bud and a toothbrush for anal insertion. They line up along a lounge, little ivory white arses in the air. Each inserts a vibrator into their tiny teeny sphincter. A look of combined pain and ecstasy washes over their teenage faces. Two pair up to stick things into the venerated victim of focus who shortly teams up to probe first one then the other, until each has suffered the attention of multiple object violation of their schoolgirl sexholes. They pass and shit into a tin pan and play with it in curiously sexy disgust. The cutest two assume position on all fours, bum to little white bum, and share a double-ended dildo. They polish and saw it between their fresh little slits while their onlooking friend feeds a string of anal beads into the tiny bumholes.

The most attractive girl (and she is stunning) is singled out onto a rooftop where she timidly plays with lit firecrackers, wearing her brief sailor suit top and naked from the waist down so she can insert sparking fireworks into her young cunt and arsecrack. Occasionally she winces in terror as the bright lights of Tokyo flicker below, unaware that somebody's little girl is now a totally available slut.

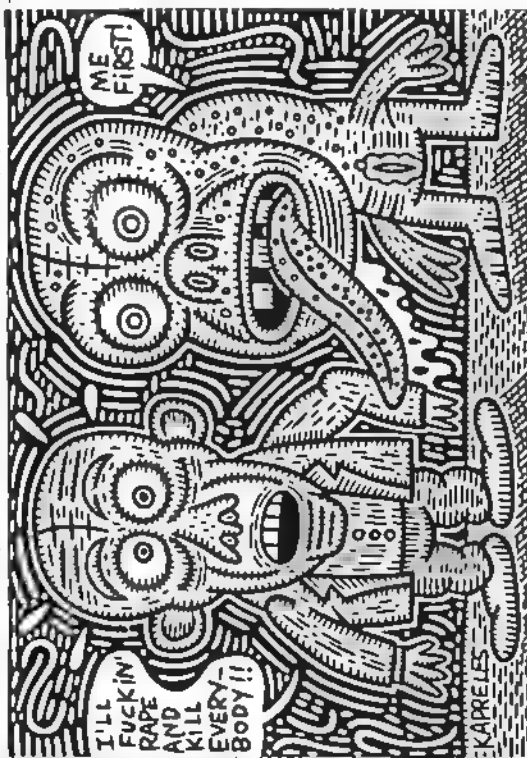


Illustration by KAPRELES

THE SHITTIEST HANGOVER by LEON 2000

IT WAS EARLY ON A CHILL FRIDAY EVENING DOWN AT MY LOCAL MY MATES HAD EITHER PASSED OUT OR FUCKED OFF HOME AND IT WAS SAFE TO SAY THAT I WAS REALLY PISSED!!!



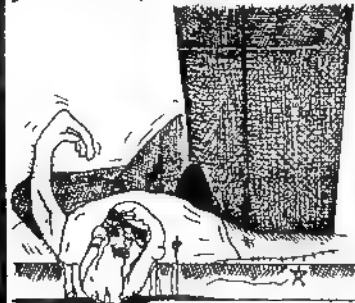
WHEN I WAS REFUSED SERVICE, MY SHITTY ATTITUDE DIDN'T GO DOWN WELL WITH THE BAR STAFF.



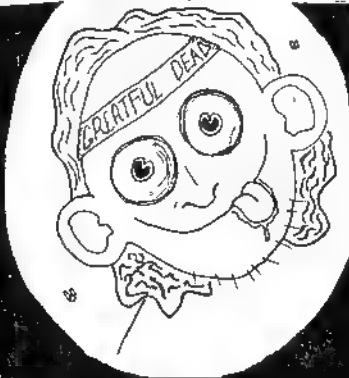
IM PRETTY SURE IT WAS THE "LISTEN, MOTHERFUCKER! PULL ME A BEER OR ILL JUMP THE BAR AND PISS ON YA" REMARK THAT GOT ME KICKED OUT...

YOINK!

...AND THE "C'MON CUNT!" CHECK I GAVE SECURITY THAT GOT ME BASHED



I DUNNO HOW FUCKEN LONG I WAS BLEEDING NEXT TO THAT WHEELIE BIN, BUT ALL I REMEMBER BETWEEN FADING IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS, WAS THIS GRINNING HIPPIE...

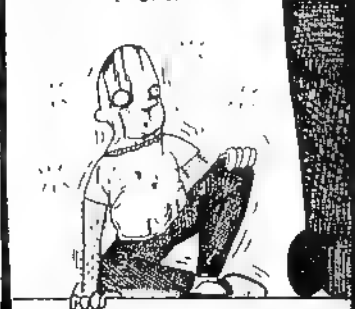


INSTEAD OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY TIGHT, HETEROSEXUAL RECTUM, WE DROPPED A TAB OF ACID IN MY MOUTH ..



I FELT IT SLIDE DOWN MY THROAT INTO MY BELLY WITH A MOUTHFUL OF CONGEALED BLOOD.

I RECKON IT WAS AROUND 1AM THAT I AWOK. I WAS NUMB ALL OVER AND MY BRAIN FELT AS IF IT WAS RUBBING AGAINST MY SKULL...



FUCKEN HELL DID I START TRIPPIN' THEN! MY MIND FLICKERED AND SPAZZED OUT ALL CRAZY-LIKE...

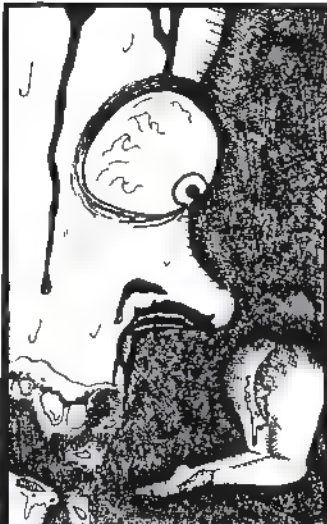
AS I MADE MY WAY HOME, THE FOOTPATH TWISTED AND TURNED BENEATH MY LEGS WHILST MY BUSTED SCALP BLEED A TRAIL BEHIND ME.



CUTTING THROUGH A PADDOCK, I
MALCOLMATED PRETTY HEAVILY—



I THOUGHT I WAS IN SOMALIA
COMFORTING STARVING CHILDREN...



...UNTIL A MYSTERY LADY'S SWEET,
WET PUSSEY CAUGHT MY ATTENTION



BLOOD RUMED TO MY COCK
IN MASSIVE BURSTS. EVEN
NERVE ENDING IN MY PENIS
WAS ON FIRE!!!

I COULD TELL SHE LOVED MY DICK BY THE
WAY SHE DID NOTHING! DIDN'T EVEN SAY
A WORD. SHE LOVED IT TOO MUCH, I RECKON



THE ORGASM WAS WAY TO FULLEN
INTENSE. AFTER SHOOTING MY WHD
DEEP INSIDE, I FELT A PAIN AKIN
TO AN ARTERY EXPLODING.



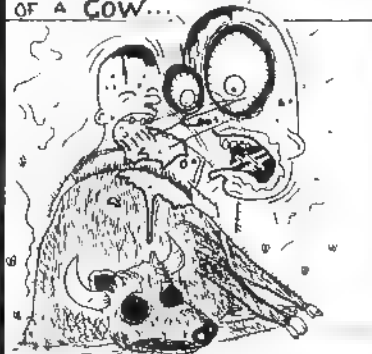
I THEN LOST CONSCIOUSNESS FOR
THE SECOND TIME.

IT WAS DAYLIGHT WHEN I
AWOKE... OH MAN... I FELT
LIKE SHIT ON A HOTPLATE.
MY HEAD JUST BUZZED AND
STUNG, WHILE A FOUL STENCH
HUNG AROUND...



THEN I LOOKED DOWN...

WHAT I HAD THOUGHT WAS A BEAUTIFUL,
MYSTERIOUS WOMAN, WAS ACTUALLY THE
ROTTING, BLOATED, FLY-BLOWN CARCASS
OF A COW...



I PANICKED WHEN I FOUND THAT MY
STILL SEMI-RIGID DICK REMAINED
STUFFED INSIDE.

AS I PULLED OUT MY COCK,
MAGGOTS AND EVIL SMELLING
FLUIDS DRIBBLED OUT
EVERYWHERE.



I RAN HOME HYSTERICAL,
THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS
STILL STUCK TO MY COCK...




I HAD A REAL SHITTY DAY.

xEROX LOCKEY


comix and zine reviews by stratu

send your comix and zines to **SICK PUPPY COMIX- RABID PUBLISHING**
PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA

Note:  preceding the title indicates that the artist's work is featured in this issue of **SICK PUPPY**.

ALL ABOUT FUCKIN' #5 (A5, 44p, \$US3pp from Josh Simmons, 3065 Chartres St, New Orleans LA 70117, USA - chrstnmuffins@hotmail.com - www.musespace/knownothingfamily)

Surely the sickest and most cringe-inducing comix production to make it's way into Rabid HQ in some time, this abomination features comix made from actual photographs, then comix characters and actions incorporated, drawn over the top. And the action here is invariably unorthodox sex, the most fucked-up of the series (*Big Boy Porn*) occurs between two hideous, hairy bitches, one of whom is a transvestite. This shit turned my damn stomach. Mission accomplished. We're also treated to contributions from our friends Mike Diana, Kapreias and Claudio Parentela. One for you hardcore fiends.

 **BATTERY ACID #1 & 2** (both A5, 24p, \$5pp for the pair from Leon, "Shamaroo", Table Top NSW 2640 - mytesticleshurt@yahoo.com)

Newspaper clippings, photographs and fiction all with a heavy emphasis on the explicit and stomach-churning. In Leon's words: "Whilst BA may appear to be a 'sick' publication, be aware that I'm not a sick person. I'm not depraved or sadistic or mentally unstable. Unlike some people that feel aggression, I would rather let it out at full velocity rather than bottle it up and have it explode at any random moment. BA was/is the perfect vehicle for my anger - an anger that I'm finding more subtle ways of expressing. Still 'disturbing' (as such) but 'beautified' and more accessible. After BA#3, Panelbeater will arise!" Judging from Leon's recent comix work, as seen in this issue of SP, Panelbeater is shaping up to be a highly anticipated production.

BLACK LIGHT ANGELS #9 (A5 80p \$5pp from Louise Graber, PO Box 84, Glebe NSW 2037 - blackarchangel@hotmail.com)

Sure, this new issue is as stunning as ever - pure eye candy - however I must admit to being quite disappointed not to find any sex action here. There's some cleavage and that's about it. If you can draw supercute Goth girls then it's a goddamn crime to leave their clothes on throughout proceedings! It's quite frustrating I assure you. The fiends MUST be considered. Always. Please don't let this unfortunate neglectfulness occur again, my dear.

 **BLOOD AND ALCOHOL #1** and **HUMAN DOG POUND #1** (both A5; 16p & 20p \$3pp each or \$5pp for both from D Rat, 28/150 Healy Rd, Hamilton Hill WA 6163)

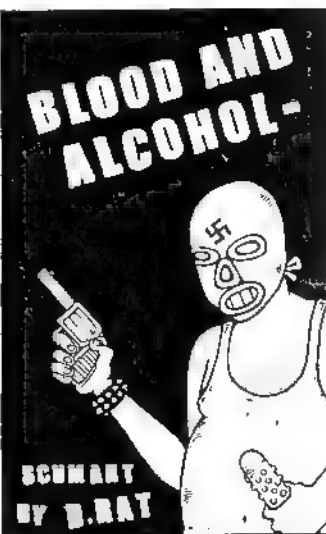
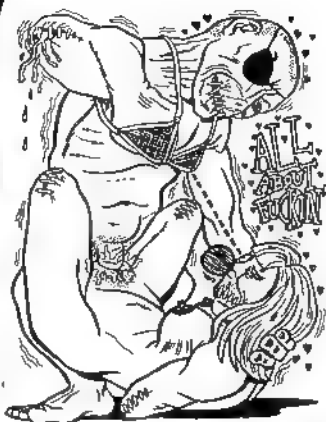
Themes such as Mexican wrestlers, swastikas and Thalidomide deformities are repeated throughout Mr Rat's disturbing, compelling work. One image in particular from B&A#1 of a sweet, terrified young teenage girl, arms missing from the elbows and surrounded by evil clowns, is one that stayed with me long after I closed the book. D Rat's comix have been one of the more exciting discoveries for me since SP#11, and certainly the biggest surprise is that this fiend is from Western Australia. I know of no other comix produced in that part of this country (Thanks to Dann Lennard for introducing me to Rat's comix).

CHAOTIC ORDER Spring 2001 (A5 48p \$US5pp from Bob Smith, 15 Digby Close, Doddington Park, Lincoln, LN6 3PZ, UK - bob@chaoticorder.freemove.co.uk - www.insound.com/zinestand/co)

Highlights here, an excellent and extensive article on Italian porno comix maestro Paolo Euterpi Serpenti (whose *Dr. Luna* comix are arguably the zenith of the genre, porno comix being for the most part, unimaginative and uninspired crap) by Rik Rawling, a brief history of stigmata from our own Chris Miki, a review of power electronics' purveyors WHITEHOUSE Live Action 86, along with a bunch of the usual reviews of zines, movies and music. A fine zine, and recommended.

 **CRIMSON CELLULOID #666** (A4 10p \$1pp from David Nolte, PO Box 352 Plympton SA 5038)

What stands out in this new issue (amid the usual reviews of porn, cult films, zines etc) is a column by Mannheim Jerkoff entitled 'People I Have Nearly Killed'. Oh brother. Mannheim's columns are usually fine and entertaining, yet this one, where he writes about potentially violent encounters he has experienced in public, comes across as though written by a retarded Charles 'Death Wish' Bronson type.



character. "Nearly" doesn't cut it, sport. You may as well write a column called 'Girls I Have Nearly Fucked'. Well, it's funny-as-hell, albeit quite unintentionally. Elsewhere, Nolte interviews Michael Helms so you can find out what the hell happened to his zine FATAL VISIONS, surely the finest underground film zine this country has produced.

CRUEL WORLD #8 (A5 32p \$5pp from Anton Emdin PO Box 255, Westgate NSW 2048 - www.antongraphics.com - anton@antongraphics.com)

Anton courageously reveals he has a fat arse, a small penis, and is terribly insecure in his relationships with the ladies. So it's just as well his comic ability is considerable. While you'd never mistake, physiologically, Anton for Robert Crumb, the latter did so wonderfully prove that success in the field of comic will bring adoring young girls to your door, happily willing to let you cling like a baby to their sweet, muscular buttocks as they stride naked and giggling around your drawing board.

DEATHFART #2 (A4 16p \$US2pp from Aric Calfee, 100 Fourth St #3, Hackettstown NJ 07840, USA)

Charming title, no? Poo poo toilet humour sure is alive and well in new Jersey, and Aric's comic are just erupting with finely rendered artistic flatulence. This issue features the story of Jerry and Greg, "two drug-addled cretins I knew in the '80s". These demented retards get up to all kinds of mischief, like rolling fat scoobies, listening to Iron Maiden, then heading outside to run over the cat with the lawnmower. Also revealed elsewhere is how Pussy Turd got his name. A couple of strips from our friend Bruno Nadalin complete this fine, spazzy production. While you're at it, why not throw in an extra buck for DEATHFART #1.

EAT YOUR MEAT (A5, 24p, \$US3 from Dyanko Van Breemen, Veenweg 1, 2841 DE, Moordrecht, Holland - EAT_YOUR_MEAT@hotmail.com)

An extraordinary, sandpaper-textured red, white and black cover wraps this work of "Comic Brut" (from 'Art Brut' or 'raw art' - the makers of which are those foreign to professional art circles, most notably that art made by psychiatric patients). Featuring also work by Marc Van Elburg and Mark Smol, it's a collection of full page drawings, most of which are incredibly detailed and captivate the mind with their free, abstract qualities. A very special production right here and highly recommended to those more adventurous amongst our readers.

FUCK magazine #18 (A4 52p \$US10pp from Dr Randall Phillip, PO Box 2217, Philadelphia PA 19103, USA - <http://perso.club-internet.fr/prraha/index.html/fuck.htm>)

Beyond a shadow of a doubt the most evil, repulsive, graphically assaulting, literally hateful zine I've come across. Even the briefest perusal of its contents will leave a permanent and vivid impression in your brain. There's intelligence here, too, which makes the production even more sinister. Yet amid the extreme atrocity, Randall injects humour of the blackest kind and you will find yourself alternately feeling quite sickened and appalled, and roaring with laughter. Highly recommended for our readers, those dedicated among you, seeking the wild extremes in literature.

HET MOET ONVERSTAANBAAR #1 (A5 24p \$US5pp from Marcel Herms, Postbus 6359, 7401 JJ Deventer, Holland - marcelherms@knoware.nl)

European underground comic are quite noticeably different to Australian or American ones. To put it very simply - they're more abstract. In fact, this stuff strongly reminds me of art produced by mental patients, and that is far from a negative comparison. This anthology is really special - full colour covers, some full colour pages inside, the rest is various single-colour pages. Text is in both Dutch and English. I love the dialogue, too: Girl: "Your eyes are wonderful", Boy: "Thanks. May I show you my glass eye collection?" And: "In 1958 two great writers met... 'Sick people are less frightening than well ones.' 'And dead people are less frightening than live ones.'" HET MOET ONVERSTAANBAAR is simply enchanting.

LONG GONE LOSER #4 (A4 44p \$6pp from Damo, PO Box 18, Modbury North SA 5092 - longgoneloser@hotmail.com - www.geocities.com/longgoneloser)

Damo's thing is ROCK. The fellow is *obsessed* with ROCK. Are you ready to ROCK? Damo is. Here you get cover-to-cover ROCK 'action' (bands interviewed: RCS, THE DIALTONES, SPEED DEALER, ROYAL CROWN, NASHVILLE PUSSY, LUNACHICKS, THE HASSELHOFF EXPERIMENT) interspersed with a couple of interviews with porn actresses (ASIA CARRERA & TAYLOR WANE). Damo's sure done the legwork here and it's well executed: neat, snappy design, lotsa photos. If you share Damo's ROCK fantasy, this baby's for you.



from CRUEL WORLD #8



from EAT YOUR MEAT

MALEFACT #8 (A4 86p \$US30pp (\$25pp within the US) from Tom Crites, PO Box 20175, Seattle WA 98102-1175, USA)

It's been two years since the last issue, but here it is. It may seem a tad on the pricey side, but this is one helluva gorgeous production - a limited edition of 464 copies (why 464?) containing work by 33 artists from 11 countries, "for an around-the-world gallery of artistic perversion". This issue is printed on Premium Quality 32lb Weyerhaeuser stock between full colour covers on photographic paper and bound with bronze wire. You get extremely fucked-up, sublime, eye-popping work from Antoine Bernhart, Jim Blanchard, Ivan Brunetti, Chris Crielgaard, Mike Diana, Kapreles, Sverre H Kristensen, Miguel Angel Martin, Claudio Parentela, Dr Randall Phillip, Rik Rawling, Marcel Ruijters, SCAR, Henriette Valium and more. This really is a feast for the eyes and mind, a book to cherish and return to again and again over the years. Most highly recommended.

NOSEBLEED #20 (A4 36p from Boz, Nosebleed Press, PO Box 7674, Dublin 1, Ireland)

This is the tenth anniversary issue - 'Celebrating 10 Years of Shoddy Press'. Well, this edition is far from shoddy - Boz' writing is as sharp as his stunning art. Within, Boz interviews Mero from Rejected Records (Ireland's longest running DIY punk label). There's an interview with two kids who have for four years been responsible for a Mr T fanclub. Remarkably, the interviewer seems to know more about Mr T trivia than these two 'fans'. There's an interview with Mr X, a porn store worker. I found out that Massive Attack and The Prodigy have done porno soundtracks. One of the more noteworthy articles is one by D F Dresden on Howard Stern's obsession with porn actresses. Stern always sniffs them to find out if they're menstruating, and then it gets really ugly.

THE NECROEROTIC #13 (A4 16p \$US3pp from John Pirog, PO Box 92303, Warren MI 48092, USA - john30@earthlink.net)

Subtitled 'For All Those Who Find Sexual Lust In Cadavers', this unique newsletter features photographs of the author and a ladyfriend at Ed Gein's grave (and each issue contains a sample of soil taken from the gravesite); two fine 'necrophile' poems from Davephilia; hate mail; fiction; photos of corpses; news items; a lengthy explanation for the author's decision to cease publication (this is the final issue) plus a drawing by Death Row inmate and sexually motivated serial killer Jack Trawick.

While the vast majority of folks would certainly consider sexual lust for dead bodies absolutely wrong and abhorrent, those with a more refined and inquisitive mind will surely applaud the fact that there are courageous souls out there who follow their pure desires and interests, and, yet more courageously, produce literature on the subject/s.

[Note: Envelopes, money orders or cheques should ONLY be addressed to John Pirog, NOT to The Necroerotic.]

PANISCUS REVUE (A4 78p \$US8pp from Tom Crites, PO Box 20175, Seattle WA 98102-1175, USA)

If you're into 'weird shit', whether it be in the form of music, film or literature, this is the review zine you've been seeking (unless of course you took my advice last issue, ordered a copy, and thus have already discovered this great zine). Crites is a man of extremely good taste (when it comes to high quality bad taste) and writes sharply and extensively on the material forwarded to him. It's always wonderful to discover some new zine, recording or film out there you never otherwise would have found out about and that is the magic of a publication such as Paniscus Revue. Highly recommended.

RADIATION SICKNESS - THE WASTE (A5 28p \$3pp from Ross Tesoriero, PO Box 255, Westgate NSW 2048 - www.radiationsickness.com)

Here Ross has assembled a collection of his comix contributions for SICK PUPPY, Glenn Smith's SYDNEY MORNING HELL and Louise Graber's BLACK LIGHT ANGELS, along with a sensational drawing of Ross by Glenn Smith, and a couple of new illustrations. *Compleatists take note!!!*

SATAN LIVES WITH ME (A5 48p \$4pp from Nicola Hardy, 216 Moreland Rd, Brunswick VIC 2056 - nicolahardy@angelfire.com)

"Partially inspired by 'He Died With a Falafel In His Hand' but mainly inspired by years of share-house living", Nicola put this anthology together, featuring work by Tim Danko, Kylie Purr, Glenn Smith, Stratu, Cloud, Mr J, Susan Butcher & Carol Wood, Michael Prior, Louise Graber, Neale Blanden, Lisa Violetta, Michael Fikaris, and herself. If your experiences with share houses are even remotely like mine, your most vivid memories of those times will surely be the most hellish ones, where you realised, in a flash of blinding insight, that people sure do suck, but nowhere *near* as much as when you have to live with the fuckers. Fighting over bills, over the bathroom, listening to them slamming their potato-shaped bodies



from **RADIATION SICKNESS - THE WASTE**



together, grunting and squealing in desperate fits of ecstasy, arguing over TV programs, then the inevitable cold, ugly silences as you hastily pass one another in the hall on the way to the sanctuary of your own room. Read this anthology, and in particular my favourite – Neale Blanden's 'Housemates 1984-1995' – and the whole nightmarish (anti)social dynamics of such an arrangement will come rushing back to you crystal clear. Here Nicola has produced a fine argument for the choice to live in solitude, and for that, this zine can be called nothing less than a great achievement.

SAVAGE PENCILS catalogue (A5 64p \$5pp from Michael Hill, PO Box 84, Glebe NSW 2037 – blackarchangel@hotmail.com)

Here's the catalogue from the exhibition **SAVAGE PENCILS: An Exhibition of Alternative Australian Comics Cover Art**, curated by Michael Hill (publisher of **BLACK LIGHT ANGELS**) at the Silicon Pulp Animation Gallery in Sydney from Feb 2-Apr 1 2001. This is such a fine, chunky little production, including an introduction by Steve Lucas (the gallery director); an article by John A Lent on South East Asian comics; an excellent piece by Tim Danko on the Australian small press comic scene; another fine wrap-up of Oz comix by Michael Hill; and the rest of the catalogue features one-page bios of the contributors (all 33 of them), each accompanied by a drawing of the term 'Savage Pencils' as interpreted by the artist. Whether or not you made it along to the exhibition, this wonderful book more than stands on its own, and is highly recommended.

SEWER CUNT #1 ATTENTION!! Those dedicated and discerning readers amongst you should be very interested to know that there are still copies available of this *essential* publication by the late Sverre H Kristensen (see interview in SP#11). Contact my friend Claudius at csfischer@suggestion-records.de or write to Suggestion Records, PO Box 1403, 5825 Gevelsberg, Germany.

SHAM #7 (A5 48p \$US4pp from Doug Iannucci, Nisky Mail Box 588, St Thomas VI 00802, USA – dei12@hotmail.com)

I had the great pleasure of meeting Mr Iannucci and having many lively discussions with the fellow, on subjects both highbrow and lowbrow, during an extended visit he paid to our 'sunburnt' country in the latter part of 2000 and the beginning of 2001. It was quite a surprise and a delight to find out not only did he produce these great, deranged, funny-as-fuck comix (you need only check elsewhere in this issue of SP for confirmation), but that he was also a maths professor! Well, I thought it was one impressive combination. Doug also draws such an accurate freehand map of the USA that if you hadn't seen him do it right there before you, you'd swear he'd traced the damn thing. (He also drew a much better map of Australia than I could, to my great shame).

A gentleman and a fine human being - write to him today.

TALES FROM URANUS #1 & 2 (A5 12p – send a coupla US bucks for both to Jake, 912 C. Street, Charleston IL 61920, USA – karnage@lvcs.com – www.wakadoodoo.com/sickass/)

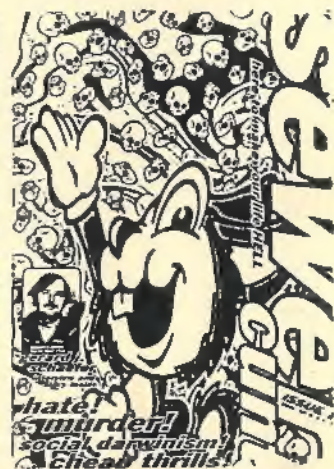
Full colour gore. Zombies. Women's breasts. Interviews with goregrind metal bands like Machetazo and Haemorrhage. You know you want it, baby. Really neat little productions right here, and highly recommended by El Rancho Rabid.

THE FALL OF BECAUSE #7 (A5 76p \$1pp edited by James McLachlan, PO Box 202, North Hobart TAS 7001 – cyrilgrey@usa.net)

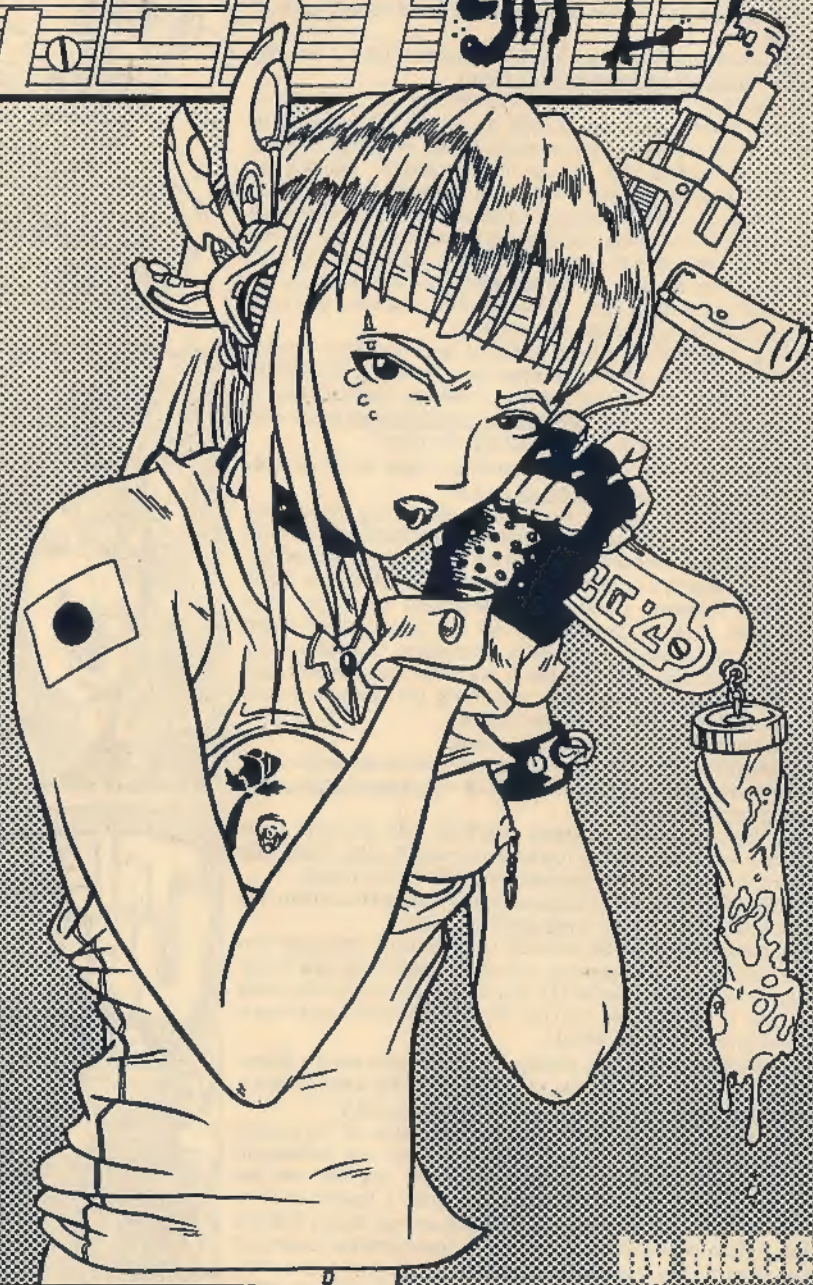
A Gothic zine that doesn't take itself too seriously? Get outa here! This production is super chunky, featuring a really appealing selection of classic Goth type fiction, illustrations, comix, interviews – Dann 'BETTY PAGINATED' Lennard is interviewed here for Pete's sake! I really enjoyed this one. It's definitely worth more than a measly buck - send at least a couple, friend.

THE J MAN TIMES #16 (A5, 20p, \$US3pp – US residents send a stamp – from J Rassoul, 2246 St Francis #A-211, Ann Arbor MI 48104, USA – thejman99@aol.com <http://hometown.aol.com/thejman99>)

The feature story in this fine new issue ('The Last Temptation of The J Man') relates the author's meeting of a sweet young co-worker and subsequent awkward beginnings of a relationship. The 'twist' at the end sent my jaw slamming into the floor. Good Lord this fellow can write! I haven't been so dramatically affected by a short story in many moons. Elsewhere, there's a couple of book reviews, further exploration into the case of Teena Brandon (subject of the movie *Boys Don't Cry*) and a couple of poems. Fine poems! A rare thing indeed within the often critically sloppy world of zines. Most strongly recommended to our more discerning readers.



RENTAL GIRL



by MACCAD